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U. S. MAIL STEAMER

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At 6:00 O'Clock, A. M.

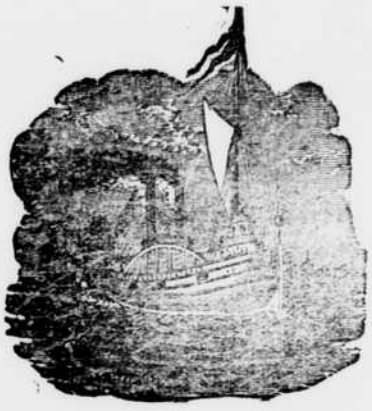
For Woodsy and West Coast Prince of Wales points.

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,
Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the Island.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR,

Master



Gordon Hoops has gone up the river for a few weeks' stay.

Little Elsie Sylvester, who was sick so long, is able to be out again.

Go to the Wrangell Drug Co. for your School Supplies.

Harry Markworth, was over from the Narrows with the Scout, last week.

Dr. J. J. Pittenger, Dentist, will be in Wrangell from Sept. 25th to Oct. 5th.

We are all glad to see Mr. M. R. Rosenthal on our streets again, after his recent severe illness.

Wm. Jameson, who has been logging in this section, has gone to Ketchikan to seek employment.

Messrs. Haught and Cole are catching and bringing to town from near Elephant's Nose some beautiful black bass and red cod.

Attorney Z. R. Cheney came down from Juneau, last Thursday, to look after the collection of some claims for Sing Lee Co.

Dr. E. L. Green looked like a genuine old frontiersman when he left up the river in his hunting garb and with his two dogs.

Auditor Baldwin of the Pacific Coast Co., was here last week checking up agent Reid's accounts. It is useless to say that he found everything O. K.

Deputy Marshal Grant and attorney Cheney were out on legal business for several days during the week. They went with Parrot's gasoline boat.

Mayor Jensen proposes to keep up with the procession. He got the wheels and is having Emery Goodwin build him a neat, serviceable milk wagon.

J. F. Collins and Dr. Hughes went out on the Clatswa with Messrs. Babcock and Secor, to show them where to find good shooting. They went up Duncan Canal.

Merchant F. W. Carlyon and wife, after an absence of three weeks spent in Sound towns and Portland, reached home on the Jefferson, last week, glad to get back.

Through the late resignation of Miss Ina Walton as assistant teacher, it is going to throw the opening of the primary department of the public school a trifle late.

Messrs. Weber and Svindeth returned from their fishing trip, last Thursday, and we all breathe easier, since they assure us they were at Mill Creek. They captured some fine trout.

Postmaster Worden, Councilman Coulter and Master Harry Coulter put in a day or two on the hunting grounds of the Sitka flats. On their return they reported game scarce, as yet.

Watchman A. J. Amundson was up from the Santa Ana cannery last Friday and brought up a lot of salmon bellies. He was not feeling overly well, but was jolly and jovial as ever.

The Princess May came into this port Sunday afternoon with forty tons of freight and ten passengers, all for Telegraph Creek. The passengers are bent on a lively chase after big game.

Peter Strom has received the sad intelligence of the death of his father, which occurred in Norway, recently. The young man's friends sympathize with him in his time of bereavement.

Rev. Harry P. Orser, went to Ketchikan on the Jefferson, Saturday, to spend Sunday with and speak for Rev. Thomas Jenkins. Mr. F. H. Gray conducted services at the People's Church Sunday evening.

Jim Mattson and Peter Strom came over from Carl's logging camp on Bruni Island, and spent Sunday in town. They say all are getting on fine at the camp and getting out logs to beat the band.

A gentleman sends up from below to order the SEXTON, and addresses his letter to "Wrangell, B. C." It was an oversight, of course, but looks as funny as an exchange that tells the name of this paper "B. C." on the wrapper.

Capt. Orr came into port in bad humor last Saturday, all because he said he "made a cow of himself down at Howkan by filling up on turnips and carrots that grow there."

We thought the captain was old enough to have known better.

E. P. Lynch, H. D. Campbell and Guy V. Smith celebrated their birthdays on the same day—August 24th. Of course there is some difference in their ages, but it would not be fair to particularize, as each feels as young as the other.

That apple tree on the McKinnon front street property is doing itself proud, this year. It is loaded with fine large fruit, and is a real treat to the eye.

The salmonberries, blueberries, raspberries and lagoon berries are about gone, but the cranberries—both high and low bush—will soon be in endless quantities. There is no danger in the world that equals the little low-bush berry of Alaska.

Representative Humphreys and Mr. Josiah Collins, of Seattle, came up on the Dolphin and he came up the river in quest of big game. They went prepared to go well into the interior of the Casiar country, and will undoubtedly meet with great success.

Mrs. Mary Collins, mother of J. F., who has been spending a couple of months here with her son and family, received the sad intelligence last week that a brother in the Humboldt had gone to his bedside. Mrs. Collins was delighted with Alaska, and had an enjoyable visit with her people.

Mrs. A. V. R. Snyder and son William left on the Jefferson, Saturday, for a visit with relatives and friends in the Willamette Valley, Oregon. It has been four years since they left there, and they will find many changes. We hope their voyage will be a safe one and that their visit will be a continual round of pleasure. In the meantime keep your eye on the "old man."

Messrs. F. R. Babcock, of Chicago, Ill., and J. K. Seever, of Toledo, Ohio, ran across Harry Overman on the outside, and he told them if they wanted to find the biggest bear on earth and the best hunting grounds on the continent, to come to Wrangell, Alaska. They followed his advice and dropped in here last Friday and proceeded at once to outfit themselves for a grand hunt. Having letters of introduction to parties here, it was no trouble for them to be directed to the best hunting grounds, and being experts with the rifle, they soon ran up to the limit on deer, a number of mountain sheep have fallen victims to their trusty guns, and they are now out after some of those big brown bears. Of course we are always pleased to have strange hunters come amongst us, and professional sportsmen seem to have the power of attracting game to them, and never fail to bring down whatever they point their guns at, will cause congress to pass more stringent laws for the protection of game in Alaska. Babcock and Seever are fine to be jolly boys, and they will be welcome here at any time they may choose to come.

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Gum Boots, Groceries,

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THE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

WRANGELL

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Clothing

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Clothing

Clothing

Clothing

For a limited period
we will sell clothing
at greatly-reduced
prices.

Now is your time to get a
good suit of clothes cheap

St. Michael
Trading Co.

PROGRAM OF SERVICES

People's Church for Sept. 1905.

Under the care of the Bishop of Alaska:

- Sept. 4—A sermon appropriate to the opening of school. Subject of sermon, "Manna."
- " 11—A lantern service of song.
- " 18—The First Church; what was it?
- " 25—The Sources of Life.

Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30; Sunday School, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening Service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

Our Local Grist.

Go to the Wrangell Drug Co. for your School Supplies.

The Wrangell Rope Tannery will tan your Fur and Hide properly.

E. West & P. Haight.

This is the season of the year when halibut and perch are seen everywhere, and their multitude in seeking to devour everything that comes across, makes them an easy prey for anglers, and many are being pulled in.

Prof. Preston H. Nash, who has been employed as principal of our public school for the coming year, arrived on the Cottage City, Monday morning, ready for business. We are confident the Prof. will find the Wrangell school an easy one to manage.

The Mount Royal arrived in St. 11 a. m. Monday, and began loading freight at once for Telegraph Creek. Having finished loading, at 4 p. m. Tuesday, she started up the river with 90 tons of freight and 23 passengers. It will be a delightful trip on such a fine boat, at this season of the year.

Two months or more ago Town Trustee Inman sent the initial notice for a patent to this town to Juneau for the signature of the register of the land office, but has since received no word from it. This naturally makes the trustee a trifle nervous, as much valuable time is being lost in the matter of securing patent.

Peter McKay didn't stay long out on the west coast Prince of Wales Island last week, but made the round trip on the Peerless. He said the Marble Creek people wanted mechanics, and the environments at Sulzer and Copper Mountain were not such as met his fancy. Peter will soon go to Phoenix, British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. McCulloch came over from Petersburg on the Humboldt and took the Peerless for Ketchikan to take charge of the government school. They took with them enough books and general school supplies to outfit the whole west coast and have sufficient to equip the Wrangell Native school besides.

Messrs. Jury and Hills, of the Portage Mountain Mining Co., and Mr. C. Hillier, of Minneapolis, came in from the claims Sunday. Charley Pelly came over with them. They report everything driving right along at the claims. The three former went below on the Princess May.

FOURTEEN MILLIONS FOR ALASKA.

Back in the '80s Capt. James Carroll, who is now making a summer outing to Alaska with the excursion steamer Spokane, presented credentials and asked for his seat in the lower house of congress as the delegate elect from Alaska.

A number of the members were disposed to treat the matter more in the nature of a joke, as though he were an Esquimaux from the north pole instead of the accredited representative of a great country like Alaska. It was even asserted that the newly-acquired possession was of little or no value and fit only for polar bears and totem poles.

Captain Carroll retorted by saying: "Gentlemen, how much will you take for Alaska? If you think the country isn't worth anything, I'll make you an offer of \$14,000,000, and pay you the cash inside of thirty days."

As a matter of fact and of record in the eastern newspapers published at the time this offer was actually made, as evidenced by an extract from an interview published in an eastern paper, in which the captain said: "My offer to congress to purchase Alaska was made in good faith. I went to Washington city for the purpose of getting justice for our people. This we have never received. I had stopped in Chicago on my way east and had, while there, received assurance to return in this fall for which I had in mind when I saw the government was unwilling to do anything for us in the way of legislation."

I hastened over to New York. There, from some of the members of congress, I received instructions to make an offer of buying the territory, the purchase price to be \$14,000,000. I had on deposit in the Riggs bank of Washington, D. C., at the time the offer was made, \$1,000,000, and a check for the amount I offered as security to bind the bargain.—Times.

School opens in a few days, and the Wrangell Drug Co. wish it distinctly understood that they have a bigger stock of all kinds of School Supplies than ever, and at greatly reduced prices. Their Penmanship Books, Composition Books, Drawing Books, Copy Books and Scratch Tablets are of fine quality. Their "Stars and Stripes" and "The History of Our Flag" Scratch Tablets are extra values, formerly 15c., now 10c.; others formerly 10c., now 5c. Colored Pencils, 5c. pr. box. Lead Pencils, 2 for 5c. Also, all kinds of Writing Material at greatly reduced prices. Don't forget the place for big values—Wrangell Drug Co.

Mayor Jensen and Dr. Wm. Hughes made a trip out to the Woodbridge & Lowrey Ham Island marble properties a few days ago, and say they had a fine trip. They both say that is a fine looking property; that there is an endless amount of marble there—of both the light and dark shades—but that it will take considerable work and no little capital to develop it.

Rev. Thomas Jenkins, rector of St. John's church at Ketchikan, writes STRENGTH, that exactly three years ago last Sunday services were first held there, and the work has been highly satisfactory. One year the hospital has been established and has proven a kind of haven of refuge to many in need of medical attention. It is a pleasure to us to report this success.

Messrs. Hollenback and Stackpole, who came in from the logging camp with some broken machinery, last week, expecting to have to send it below to have it mended. Ed Emery Goodwin their troubles, he fixed Baker and Seever are fine to be jolly boys, and they will be welcome here at any time they may choose to come.

Alaska's Magazine.

Bright, Crispy, Energetic,

Devoted entirely to Alaska and its Wonderful Resources. The July number is now in the press, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to Send East.

Be sure and order it from your Local News Dealer.



THE SMALLEY Gasoline Engine.

The Latest Modern Up-to-Date

Engine, with all the Good Points of the Best Engines made, and None of the Poor points to bother you.

Such is the SMALLEY.

NOTE.

The first Six Engines ordered

Will be sold at

FACTORY PRICES.

To introduce them in Southeast Alaska.

For full particulars, address our Agent,

J. F. COLLINS, Wrangell, Alaska.

JOB PRINTING At the Sentinel Office

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
VRANGEL, ALASKA.

The book by Jay Gould recently sold at auction for \$5.75 wasn't his pocket-book.

Wizard Burbank has not been able as yet to produce a prunelless boarding-house.

Dr. Osler has gone, but whiffs of his chloroform theory still greet our nostrils occasionally.

General Leonard Wood finds there is a strong resemblance between a good Moro and a good Indian.

There is a report that the Sioux Indians want to work. Have they so far lost their native dignity as that?

Mr. Gladden looks about him, and he feels a nervous shock, for the talent is on the money and the water's in the stock.

If the President persists in his purpose to retire all but the younger naval officers, there will be a lot of "sad sea dogs."

When you hear of a man having lost many millions on the market the sum usually includes what he expected to make.

Some men are so optimistic that if you give them a brick their imaginations can readily expand it into an eight-story office building.

A metropolitan paper says that John D. Rockefeller is worth \$500,000,000. What it probably meant was that he has that amount of wealth.

The price of radium has gone up to \$8,000,000 an ounce. It looks as though somebody who had been in the meat business is handling radium.

An increase of \$25,000,000 in the capital stock of the rubber trust would seem to indicate that even rubber doesn't always keep out water.

"Why Is Washington Growing?" asks the Post. Must be because Congress is not in session all the time. Can't think of any other reason.

English women are getting wise. In order to keep some of the eligible men from wedding American girls they are sprucing up and trying to attract the creatures themselves.

Cuba is a healthy little 3-year-old. She points with pride to having demonstrated her ability to carry a \$35,000,000 national debt, and even bankers to make it heavier.

Moderate wealth is defined by a magazine writer as "an annual income of not less than \$2,000 nor more than \$10,000 a year." If this is correct a lot of moderately wealthy people are to-day in straitened circumstances.

A sudden increase in sobriety among Russian workmen is embarrassing the Russian government because it is materially reducing the income derived from the tax on alcohol. That is also why the workmen are going sober.

Empress Dowager Tsi Ann of China has spent \$4,000,000 on her own monument and she is still building. Perhaps the Chinese think it is a good thing to furnish her with all the funds she wants for her monument, seeing that while she is busy superintending it she pays comparatively little attention to other matters.

"Unite all creeds," is said to be the sentiment of John D. Rockefeller. This is consistent with his policy of uniting all lines of industrial activity. But, as Mr. Rockefeller wants to unite all businesses under the control of the Standard Oil Company it is reasonable to suppose that his idea of union of creeds is for all of them to be swallowed up by the one of which he is an adherent. That is the Rockefeller way of doing things.

This time is rapidly approaching when the excuse can no longer be offered that American cities are new and lacking in the essentials of good streets, fire protection, etc. Some American cities are far too old, too rich and too well equipped with all essentials to have any excuse left for their sordid disregard of beauty. That they have begun to draft plans for comprehensive beautification is a sign that civic pride is not wholly wanting. The people are beginning to realize that their cities are here to stay and that the utility of beauty should not be neglected. When they are finally convinced that judicious beautification is profitable, in dollars and cents, which is the lesson taught by the French, they will speedily transform their ugly municipalities. But, somehow, they are slow in learning the lesson.

Paupers in Great Britain used to be compelled to wear the letter "P" upon their garments, that all who saw them might know that they were what they were. But through the efforts of people who believed that the easiest way to make a dog bad was to give him a bad name, this badge of disgrace was removed long ago. There are many words of degradation which charitably disposed people ought never to use. One does not hear the hard word "infidel" so often as formerly, not because there are no longer people who do not believe many of the Christian doctrines, but because Christians have

come to think that it is better to try to win over the unbeliever than to repel him by calling him a bad name. Nowadays we call insane asylums hospitals; reformatories have become schools; and in time the prisons themselves may be called reformatories. All this has grown out of the appreciation of the sound psychological theory that the way to raise a man up is to call him by a good name, and appeal to the best rather than the worst in him.

Civilization and progress are ever presenting new questions for man to solve. The advancement of humanity constantly begets complicated problems. One of the latest of these problems which mere man must take it upon himself to answer is: What is the value of a woman's heart? What should a man pay who wins the love of a woman and in the end neglects to marry her? This is a question that has never been adjusted despite the obvious desirability of such adjustment. Recourse to the law and a trial is the course which a woman must pursue when she wishes to secure balm for a wounded heart. The divergence of opinion as to the market value of a shattered love is so great that a trial by jury is necessary for the settlement of most breach of promise cases. Even the women who suffer the broken hearts differ as to the amount necessary to heal such wounds.

A Pittsburg girl who was adored in bewildering fashion and finally deserted regarded \$50,000 as the proper sum. The jury said that \$13,050 was all her heart was worth. A New York woman scorns such trifling figures when it is a question of the heart that is under consideration. She is suing for \$250,000. The jury which is to decide the case has a glorious opportunity to distinguish itself by returning a verdict that will establish a precedent for similar trials. Undoubtedly the man who induces a woman to become engaged to him and later refuses to marry her commits a grievous wrong. He places her in a disagreeable position before the world. He may ruin her happiness for life. The longer the engagement the greater the wrong, for the girl who swears allegiance to a man for three or four years on his promise to marry may have lost all her chances for a successful matrimonial career if he prove false to his promise. Punishment should be also heaped upon his head in proportion to the ardor of his declarations. Of a lukewarm love a girl may have her suspicions, but the love that prompts burning avowals of undying passion she has a good and proper right to regard as one that will not fail. The age of the woman in the question may influence the amount to which the heartbreaker is liable. A woman whose better years of eligibility in the matrimonial arena have been devoted to a man who fails to fulfill his promises can justly be considered as more injured than the maiden of 18 summers who has many years of eligibility before her. All these things should be well considered by jurors who are to fix the amount that a sued heartbreaker should pay. But then, also, it must be considered that ability to collect the sum sued for is a potent factor in damage suits. So the question of the value of a broken heart seems to shape itself into one of, How rich is the breaker?

To Cure Gout.—To persons with a gouty tendency, a ripe apple, peeled, eaten with a little salt and well masticated, is useful, taken shortly before retiring at night.

Advice to Bathers.—Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, and bathe when the body is at a normal temperature—neither overheated nor chilled. Do not remain in the water after a feeling of chilliness comes on.

Glycerine for the Skin.—Glycerine, moderately used, is beneficial to the complexion. It should be applied, after using soap and water, with a moist sponge. In combination with clear cold water, drying the skin with an old cambric handkerchief.

How to take Cod Liver Oil.—The taking of cod liver oil is seldom done a pleasant operation. M. de Pontever recommends mixing a spoonful of the oil with the yolk of an egg and ten drops of oil of peppermint, and adding half a glass of water with some sugar. This is said to effectually conceal the characteristic taste and odor.

How to Expand the Chest.—A girl who wishes to expand her chest can do so if each morning she will stand erect, feet together and shoulders back, arms straight down, and take twenty full deep breaths. It is, perhaps, better to begin with fifteen for the first week, and gradually increase to twenty or more. This is excellent for developing the chest.

In Nashua. A sprightly young fellow in Nashua Determined to throw all his cashus, Cried loudly, "He, ha!" Brink me a pate fole gras, And disdainfully motioned the hashus.—Puck.

Marriage of two deaf mutes should render them unspeakably happy.

Humorous

Mrs. Jenks—You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me. Mr. Jenks—Well, I was.—Cleveland Leader.

He—Do you read all the popular novels of the day? She—Gracious, no! I have just time to see how they end.—Ex.

He—As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts. She—The extravagant creature!—Boston Transcript.

Old Gent—My poor child! Did not your parents leave you anything when they died? Poor Child—Yep! Dey left me an orphan!—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet! Here's the pawn ticket for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Duffer—I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation. Puffer—Mechanical or surgical?—Indianapolis Star.

Jim—Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars? Bill—Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find wot wuz de matter wid me.—Ex.

"What does the first expert say?" "He says the prisoner is guilty." "And the second expert?" "Not guilty." "There's a third expert, isn't there?" "Yes; he says both the other experts are liars."—Houston Chronicle.

Officer—What is the complaint here? Orderly (offering basin)—Taste that, sir. Officer (tasting)—Well, I think it's excellent soup. Orderly—Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fond Young Mother (with her first born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

Broadway—Too bad about old Gott- icks. Manhattan—Why, what's the matter with him? Broadway—He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it.—Life.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either, that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

Guest—This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water! Bell Boy—I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!—Detroit Free Press.

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary. The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out. And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—Washington Life.

"Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style; "oh, no. I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, mum, was the timid reply, "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

"It's mighty easy to make a mistake in a person," remarked John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company a few days ago to a friend. "It's like the case of a sea captain I once knew. He got married late in life and progressed little further than the honeymoon when his wife packed up her duds and ran off with a handsome man. 'Well,' remarked the captain ruefully, as he contemplated the deserted home, 'seem like I got things wrong. I thought I had got a mate, but it seems I got a skipper instead.'"

In Doubt. "Is your invention a success?" "I don't know yet," answered the mechanical genius. "It is such a simple and effective device that I don't know whether I can develop enough imaginative eloquence concerning it to make people subscribe for stock."—Washington Star.

There are Others. Rhymer—I say, old man, are you ever troubled with writer's cramps? Spacer—Sure thing, especially when the expected check fails to arrive.

OLD Favorites

"The Ninety and Nine." There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold; But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold, Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine Has wander'd away from me; And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransom'd ever knew How deep were the waters cross'd, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through Ere he found his sheep that was lost. Out in the desert he heard its cry— Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!" And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"—Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Hall; I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls, With vassals and serfs at my side, And of all who assembled within those walls.

That I was the hope and the pride, I had riches too great to count; could boast Of a high ancestral name; But I also dreamt, what pleased me most, That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand; That knights upon bended knee, And with vows no maiden heart could withstand, They pledged their faith to me, And I dreamt that one of that noble host Came forth my hand to claim; But I also dreamt, what charmed me most, That you loved me still the same. —From "The Bohemian Girl."

HE DESTROYS SECRETS.

Queer Business of Man Who Reduces Account Books to Pulp.

"I have just paid a few cents a pound for old books and papers for which some one in this town would give thousands of dollars," said a downtown paper manufacturer a few days ago to the New York Sun, and he told the truth.

A large part of his business consists of destroying confidential papers for business houses, banks, brokers or any one else who can furnish enough to bother with.

The paper man pays for this valuable old paper only a few cents a pound. That is all it is worth to him for reduction into pulp. His rates are a bit lower, perhaps, than those of the junkman, but with his purchase he gives a guaranty that nothing he buys shall ever be read or examined.

A list of his customers which he gives for reference is pretty good proof that he keeps his word and that the secrets of the waste-paper bags never leak out. The reference list shows that the manufacturer has destroyed books, papers, etc., for about twenty banks, half as many insurance companies, a dozen bankers and brokers, several of the big wholesale dry goods firms and a large number of retailers. "How do you destroy this valuable paper and make sure that nobody gets hold of it?" the manufacturer was asked.

"It isn't allowed to pass through very many hands," was the answer, "and the men who do take care of it are ignorant. Some of them cannot read, but they would not have a chance to glean much out of our waste if they could."

"When we get an order from a firm to destroy its books and papers we send a man up with a lot of big bags. The bindings are ripped off the books, their pages are torn apart and they are stuffed into bags along with letters and any other waste the firm may have to offer."

"The bags are sealed and put aboard a freight car. Next day they arrive at our factory in Connecticut, and the seals are not broken until the bags are dropped beside a big vat filled with strong chemicals."

"The papers are dumped into this, which reduces them to a pulp. Another process cleans the ink from the pulp, and then it goes into new paper. You see, there isn't very much chance for any one to get hold of any information set down on our waste paper, and I'm dead sure that our guaranty has never been broken."

"Do we do a big business in destroying documents? Well, I should say yes. "Before we took hold of that new branch of the paper business it was a good deal of a problem for some firms to know how to get rid of their old

books and papers. It is harder to burn a book than it is to burn a log. Papers are also easily carried up a chimney by a strong draught, and burning didn't solve the problem.

"Junk dealers would buy the stuff, but they didn't give any guaranty as to privacy, and were always on the hunt for anything they could turn into money."

"I know of a case where a junk man bought a lot of letters from a dry goods firm, sorted them all out by States and found that they gave the key to the identity of the firm's customers. A rival firm bought the letters and paid pretty well for them."

"Then there are lots of things on the books of almost any firm that a competitor would like to see—price lists, discounts, trade relations and all that sort of thing. It wasn't safe to hand books containing that information to junkmen and that's why we started in the destruction business."

GOLDEN COW IS DEAD.

And a Whole Town Is in Mourning for the Costly Animal.

Mrs. Rice's cow is dead and the entire population of Goldfield, Nev., is in mourning, says a correspondent to the St. Paul Pioneer Press. She was the only cow in the gold-bearing district. As not a spear of grass nor a herb of any description grows in this desert region that would furnish fodder to even a goat Mrs. Rice's cow subsisted exclusively on hay that costs \$100 a ton. Even the milk which reaches the burg from Reno, two days old, sold for \$1 a quart; so this fountain right "in their midst" was a cherished institution.

When Mrs. Rice decided to risk nearly all she possessed in the importation of this cow she realized that she was risking it for a big prize. The journey of "Bossy" was long and tedious, partly by rail on slow freight, part of the distance tied to the rear end of mule freighters, trudging over the alkali desert. But the enterprising widow was rewarded one day about three months ago when her cow was delivered safely in Goldfield.

That was a gala day in the town. The cow was only an ordinary Jersey, long horned and red, but was an object of greater curiosity than if it had been a specimen of some prehistoric age. The demand was so great for a sight of the gentle creature that Mrs. Rice consented to allow her treasure to be paraded through the main thoroughfares shortly after its arrival. Never did a circus parade in a country village create more real enthusiasm. Business was practically suspended during the hour of the ceremony. The miners followed in the wake of the cow, cheering wildly. Merchants ran from their tented stores with ribbons and flags, until her cowship was decorated more gaudily than a May day queen.

Following close on this incident a new tent appeared on the main street, in front of which was a crude sign with inscription:

"Fresh ice cream and milk shakes from Mrs. Rice's cow."

It was business acumen worthy of genius. Mrs. Rice was the envy of every merchant in town. Her establishment was thronged day and evening. The supply inexhaustible, yet no one had the temerity to question openly the genuineness of the delicacies served.

When Mrs. Rice failed to put in an appearance as usual one morning inquiry developed that the cow had died suddenly during the night. There was consternation in the camp.

No reason for its death could be assigned.

It was suggested that some jealous rival among the saloon men, whose business was affected by the cow's supply, might have poisoned the beast, but this was shouted down as too infamous for Goldfield.

A Curious Advertisement.

An old London paper contains the following curious advertisement: "Wanted, a man between twenty and thirty years of age to be a footman and underbutler in a great family. He must be of the Church of England and have had the smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fashion and fortune. The woman must be of the Church of England, have had the smallpox in the natural way, very sober, steady, and well behaved and understand dress, getting up lace and fine linen and doing all things necessary for a young lady that goes into all public places and keeps the best company. Inquire of the printer of this paper.—Oct. 1, 1774."

Postponement Inevitable.

"If you husband beats yob, mabbe yob kin hab him sent to de whippin' pos," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson. "If my husband ever beats me," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin' pos' if dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

In After Years.

Old Foggy Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, late dinners and the like. Up to Date Son—Oh, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

An Audience at Fault. "We haven't the orators we once had," said the man who is habitually regretful.

"Yes, we have," answered Senator Sorghum, "the trouble is that the public nowadays is too busy to listen to 'em."—Washington Star.

The great doctrine is: The better you behave, the better you will get along.



Jamie's Manliness. Jamie came into the house crying like a girl. Mother sighed, for her little son was not showing the manly traits that should come with a boy's fifth birthday.

"What is the matter, Jamie?" "The boys is pickin' on me, mamma. They're always pickin' on me, an' makin' fun. Boo-hoo!"

"There, there, son. You'll never be a man if you cry like that."

"But, mamma dearie, that's just the matter of me. Everybody thinks I'm a girl with those horrid old curls and dresses, too. The boys laugh at me and pull my hair and tell me to go play with the girls, an' they run away from me an' won't let me play with them. Boo-hoo! An' yestiddy when that lady called, she said: 'How do do, little girl,' an' she kissed me, an' I wanted to jes' slap her, an' I hate her, an' I want to be a boy! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Mother sighed. Those beautiful golden curls had been her pride, and when they were gone her baby would



be gone. But she could not have her baby and a manly boy, too, that was certain.

"Well, if I must I must. Now, Jamie, if you'll stop crying this very minute I'll have the curls cut off this afternoon."

Sunbeams broke out all over Jamie's face and dried up the tears.

"Oh, mamma! An' pants, too! Can I have pants?"

"We'll see."

That night when papa came home there was a strange boy at the gate to meet him. A boy with a crop of yellow bristles, and trousers with pockets, and a face as jolly as a harvest moon.

"Hello, pop! See me. I'm a real boy now."

Jamie's manly traits began to develop rapidly. He stamped heavily when he came into the house and threw his hat at the hall rack instead of hanging it up as he had been taught. He grew a whistle and got chummy with the boys.

Mother was startled one evening to see her baby of two weeks ago standing in front of the long mirror and thrusting his fists at his own likeness in a manner most ferocious, frowning meanwhile as if upon a hated foe.

"Why, Jamie, what are you doing?" Her last fears for her son's manliness vanished as he looked up and stopped in the midst of a terrific upercut, and answered:

"I'm jes' practisin', mamma. I got to lick a feller to-morrow. It's about a girl."

The Wilful Kangaroo. The little Kangaroo (if this story is quite true) Could not be made to bathe him in the river.

He said he never yet Saw water quite so wet— The mere suggestion made him shake and shiver!

His mother said, "Absurd! You're a ninny, on my word! What well-bred jungle creature would not so?"

The little Elephants Are glad to have the chance— Their bath is just a frolic, as you know.

"The little Barbary Ape Does not try to escape When threatened with cold water and the soap; The Hippopotamuses Don't make such awful fusses, Nor the Jaguar, nor the little Antelope."

"The mild, obedient Yak Would never answer back, Nor does the Rhino-ceros-ror-horse; And the baby Crocodile— Why, the water makes him smile; And he takes his daily plunges as of course." —St. Nicholas.

Good Reason. A little girl of five summers went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied.

"Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess. "Can't you tie it yourself?" asked that lady.

"Of course I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at her elder's stupidity.

of amusement and affection till she flitted out of his view.

Presently he felt the flutter of wings around his head, and then a pair of small feet rested there. It was the wren.

A most vigorous pulling and tugging at his hair betrayed the purpose of the enterprising little bird. When she had secured what she could carry of the soft white hair she flew away, returning now and then for another supply.

After the leaves had fallen and all was brown and bare, the nest was found, with its lining of white hair, swinging among the branches of some dead hop vines on the porch.

An Interesting Experiment. A pretty and simple experiment is to change the color of flowers. Immerse the flowers in ammonia, and you will be surprised to see white lilies change to yellow; pink roses turn a lovely light green; dark red sweet peas assume blue and rich purple tints. The change is so rapid as to suggest the presence of a magician.

Spinning an Egg. Did you ever try to spin an egg? All you have to do is to boil the egg hard and twirl it in your fingers. Then try to spin it on its side. In this you will fail, as the egg will stand and spin on its large end.

THEIR YEARS ARE WASTED

Extravagant Habits Rob Ball Players of Benefit of Big Salaries.

The worst fault of the baseball business is that it teaches young men the habit of extravagance and high living, writes Jimmy Ryan, once one of the best. Naturally the players on each great team are lauded as heroes by their admirers; the newspapers are full of accounts of their doings; they meet hundreds of "good fellows" who want them to drink, smoke or carouse with them. They meet "sports" of wealth and they try to imitate these "sports." They spend their money for rich clothes, wines, costly cigars and diamonds, and usually when they are suddenly confronted with a ten days' notice of release the diamonds are about all that they have left to show for the earnings of years. The old-timers were more reckless in this regard than the new generation of ball players, but there are enough youngsters now wasting money.

To me it is a sad commentary on the game to see the great stars of other days toiling as day laborers. The greatest pitcher of them all is digging ditches in Indianapolis; perhaps the greatest infielder the world has known is clerking in a cigar store at \$12 a week. I have seen him spend \$300 in one night. I find them in cheap saloons, on police forces, in city jobs, but few in any established business and still fewer accumulating wealth. They wasted their years of time on the ball field and wasted the money that they earned.

At the end of a baseball career the player is usually left stranded in the business world. He gains a false idea of his own importance from the cheers of the crowd—and the crowd forgets him almost as soon as he gets out of his uniform. He depends upon some of his powerful "friends" to get him a position when he gets through. The end usually comes with startling suddenness. The friends that he relied upon are not so friendly to a back number as to a brilliant player. He drifts to the minors, drops out of sight, and seldom rises again.

Couldn't Be Both.

"During the taking of a religious census of the District of Columbia the past winter," relates a representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him:

"'Will you please tell me who lives here?'"

"'Yessum; Mistah Johnsing,' was the answer."

"'Is he a Christian?'"

"'No, ma'am. He's er congressman from Tennessee.'"

Doubts. Governor Douglas of Massachusetts tells this of the Southern dandy:

"There was a dandy in southern Tennessee named Eph Friday, who died a short time ago. Eph was neither a member of a church nor of a lodge and thus had no one to deliver an address or a prayer at his burial. At last an old uncle consented to say a few remarks for the departed soul. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the old uncle said to the assembled mourners:

"'Eph Friday, we trusts you hab gone to de place whar we 'spects you ain't

Little Lessons in Patriotism

It was of George Peabody that Gladstone said: "He taught the world how a man may be the master of his fortune, and not its slave." Peabody set an example by which many of his successors in great enterprises might well profit. He gave while in the vigor of his life—not unlike Carnegie in this—able to direct his benefactions wisely. Nor did he withhold his giving until his work of accumulating a fortune was ended. His benefactions were of recurring incidents and not a supplement to his career.

In patriotic and philanthropic ways he distributed a large part of his wealth. It is estimated that of the \$15,000,000 he made he gave away more than \$10,000,000 to wisely directed philanthropy. He labored long to make his work lastingly productive of good and exercised as much thought to the giving as to the securing.

It is not too much to say that Geo. Peabody was the greatest philanthropist of the world, giving freely of his time and experience as well as of his money. Great Britain put aside all her traditions to do honor to him when he died. She offered for Peabody a grave in Westminster Abbey. There his funeral was celebrated, but according to his own wish in life, his body was brought back to his native America and buried in Massachusetts.

A member of the famous West Point class of 1837 was Gen. Joseph Hooker, afterward the head of the Army of the Potomac. He, too, like so many of his class fellows, served with distinction in the war with Mexico. Upon the beginning of the civil war Hooker at once hurried to Washington in order to be prepared for service.

At the battle of Williamsburg the single division under the command of Hooker held the whole Confederate army in check until Kearny and Hancock came to his relief. At the battles of Fair Oaks, Gettysburg and Malvern the conduct of Gen. Hooker was of the greatest gallantry.

After having been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac to supersede Burnside, he found great difficulty in the organization of the troops. Hooker had the feeling that he had been placed upon probation by the Washington authorities to retrieve a failure and that some of his own radical utterances had been repeated there to his own detriment. It can not be said that as commander of the army Hooker was as brilliant a success as might have been hoped for. But his worst enemy had to acknowledge that he did his very best for his country.

Desperately wounded in the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, Hooker nevertheless kept up as few men would have had the courage to do and won victory from defeat.

DEERING MAKES LARGE GIFT
TO NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.



William Deering, who has just given an additional \$350,000 to Northwestern University, a Methodist institution, is a retired manufacturer, who formerly was president of the Deering Harvester Company. He was born in Paris, Me., in 1826, and was educated in Readfield Seminary. He first engaged in business as a woolen mill owner, but subsequently entered the dry goods trade, becoming a member of the wholesale dry goods house of Deering, Milliken & Co., of Portland, Me., and New York. Mr. Deering established a harvester plant at Plano, Ill., in 1873, but removed to Chicago in 1880. He became a Methodist in boyhood, and his benefactions to the church have been numerous.

In Doubt.
The poet laureate's latest effort is called: "Come, Let Us Go into the Lane."

And the average reader will not know from the title whether it is a sentimental tryst or the laureate's equivalent of the pugnacious invitation to "come out in the alley."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kittens get their eyes opened a few days after they are born; people when they are married.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost bald for years."—Mrs. J. H. FIFE, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

John C. Driscoll, who has been the central figure in the Chicago labor craft rumors, has been conspicuous for years in labor affairs. When the Associated Teaming Interests was organized in 1902 he was elected secretary and held the position until April, this year. Mr. Driscoll was born in Oswego, N. Y., May 29, 1859, and was graduated with the degree of A. B. When Mr. Driscoll severed his connection with the Associated Teaming Interests he declared that during his term as secretary no team owner had lost a dollar through labor troubles.

Ideal Breakfast Food.
The grape fruit is now looked upon as the ideal American breakfast fruit and is being highly recommended by physicians as a tonic, it having a considerable percentage of quinine. The grape fruit makes a magnificent appearance in a collection of tropical fruits, and its juice is subacid and very refreshing.

Put your savings into Seattle Suburban acreage. It pays. It will pay you to send for my free booklet—Halter Lake. A Beauty Spot showing you how to get a footing on "Easy Street" with little money. Just your name and address—That's all.
GEORGE MEACHAM,
New York Bk., Seattle.

Buy your boy a rifle. 22 Winchester Repeater, \$11.00; Remington Single Shot, \$3.50 and \$5.00; Stevens, \$3.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Winchester and Martins of all calibre at lowest prices.
A. E. HALL, 1111 1st Ave., Seattle.

Don't Lift that heavy rack or you will hurt your back. Save yourself the straining, tugging and lifting when putting on or taking off your wagon rack, box or tank, by using a HERCULES BACK LIFTER. Costs but a trifle, yet boy can set up and operate it. Write us today, enclosing stamp for reply, and by return mail you will get full information. Reference: J. W. Cusick & Co., Bankers, Albany, Ore. Cryderman Bros., Albany, Ore.

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"SLAMITIS BANGIANA."

When Teresa Howard came up from the country she took a room in a city lodging house. Her plan was to follow a course of reading at the public library. Not long after her arrival she had a slight fever, and during her convalescence she sent for books, and did her reading at home. One day an old friend came to see her.

"Teresa," said the visitor, "you've had a dreadful winter, haven't you? Such a disappointment! But you don't show it. You look as serene as—Mercy! What's that?"

A loud bang had resounded through the house.

"It wasn't a gun," said Teresa, gently, from her sofa. "It wasn't dynamite. It was a door. All the people in this house, Mary, are grievously afflicted. They have a very serious disease—Slamitis bangiana."

"I hope it's fatal," said her friend, grimly. "Mercy! there it is again. Is it one person?"

"No, all of them."

"It's like the cannonading at Port Arthur. What makes them do it?"

"I have thought of all the reasons I can," said Teresa, calmly. "I have thought they are in a hurry, they have no nerves, they have no manners, they have no ears. But I find they have lots of time to waste. So it can't be hurry. They can't bear the clock round the corner striking the half-hours. So they must have nerves. They have many nerves, because they've been very kind to me. And I've seen their ears."

The friend jumped. "My stars!" she said, "there it is again."

"Wait a minute," counseled Teresa. "She's come out of her room. In sixty seconds she'll bang the hall door. There! It's over, till she comes in again."

"You poor child! How have you borne it?"

"It was intended for my good," said Teresa, quietly. "At first I didn't see that. At every bang I jumped. I counted between bangs as we count between whistles when the fog horn is tooting on board ship. I lay here and composed letters to them wherein I told them quiet was a grace and violence a vulgarity. I imagined sending satirical verses to the newspapers from 'One Slammed Out of Existence,' or 'One Banged Out of Reason.'"

"Presently I said to myself, 'Teresa, brace up. What's philosophy good for if it can't rise superior to the bang of a door?' So I arranged a system. When a door slammed below I repeated a serene text from the Bible, heathen philosophers, modern or ancient poets. With Epictetus I reminded myself that life is a banquet, at which we must help ourselves sparingly and with decorum, and 'behave pretty' when the dish passes us. With Marcus Aurelius I declared that I couldn't have everything I liked, and that must be 'the end on't.' Well, my dear, you wouldn't think it, but I set those bangs so effectively to 'mole words' that now they're quite uplifting to me."

Mary jumped.

"Mercy!" she cried, in spite of herself. "There it is again."—Youth's Companion.

A Pleasant Possibility.
A member of the faculty of the Columbian Medical College at Washington is particularly fond of taking his students unawares in his "quizzes." To one student, whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dillard, the professor said one day:

"What quantity constitutes a dose of croton oil, giving the technical name of croton oil."

"A teaspoonful," was the answer.

The instructor made no comment; and the student soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed he said:

"Professor, I should like to change my reply to that question."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Blank," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."—Collier's.

Early Risers.
A student of bird life, who has been investigating the question as to the hour in summer when the commonest small birds wake up and begin to sing, says that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it sings about 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The blackcap begins at 2:30 and the quail half an hour later. It is nearly 4 o'clock, and then up is well up, before the first real songster appears—the merry blackbird. Then comes the thrush, followed by the robin and the wren; and last, the house sparrow and the tom-tit.

Thus it will be seen that the lark's reputation as an early riser is not deserved. In fact, he is a very sluggard, for he does not rise until long after many hedgerow birds have been about for some time.

Cautions.
"And the further question arises," said the earnest and conscientious trustee, "whether we should accept anonymous contributions, or announce that no contributions will be considered unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee that the money is not tainted."

"But why not go further?" asked another trustee—but some folks thought he was trying to be sarcastic—"why not reserve the right to put an expert on the books of any would-be contributor and conduct a rigid investigation into the methods by which he made his money?—Puck.

We have an idea that a baby becomes as tired of being kissed as a parrot becomes of being asked the question: "Polly want a cracker?"

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Expansion.—We make haste to acquire new possessions, not knowing how we shall use them when they are ours.—Rev. H. Van Dyke, Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J.

False Friends.—Society does not make men and women. Character is the test for manhood or womanhood. Let us not be deceived by false friends, but trust Jesus.—Rev. J. H. Moore, Methodist, Boston, Mass.

The Sacrament.—A study of the sacrament in its broad significance shows that Christ was conscious of being free of guilt, and any man who is free in consciousness from sin fears not death.—Rev. A. J. Henry, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Simple Life.—It is measurably true that the educated classes are valuing life more and more by its material equipment and that they are in danger of losing the power of plain living and high thinking.—Rev. J. M. Taylor, Presbyterian, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Right Will Pay.—It pays you to do right. Nothing else will last. If you want permanent success, do right, even if you suffer loss. If you don't succeed in this life, success is yours in the eternal world.—Rev. M. C. Brooks, African Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Free Speech.—A free government necessarily implies a free person and free speech, and while it may be true that now and then there may have been abuse of these privileges, yet we believe it to be the exception and not the rule.—Rev. G. A. Knerr, Evangelist, Pottsville, Pa.

Truth.—There is no such thing as change in fundamental truth. We may know more of the truth, but we cannot change that which is really true. Knowledge may increase, but we cannot change the truth to which we are heirs.—Rev. W. H. Roberts, Presbyterian, New York City.

Cloudy Skies.—The soul that trusteth in Christ knows what it is to be with Him under cloudy as well as clear skies. Clouds come in the way of duty and in the way of development and in the way of destiny. But there are ever bright clouds.—Rev. B. G. Newton, Congregationalist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Glory and Good Will.—The reason why the modern highway robber, the criminal trust magnate, is a good church member is that both he, and his church believe that glory to God and good-will toward men are two separate and distinct things.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Conquerors of the World.—All along life's ways, quietly, unknown of us often, unheralded, in simple daily truthfulness of living, move the real conquerors of the world, for whose brows the angels are weaving garlands from the leaves of the tree of life.—Rev. John B. Clark, Presbyterian, Detroit, Mich.

Labor and the Church.—The church of Jesus Christ is the friend of the working man. If she is not, she is untrue to her Lord and to herself. There is no such gift between workmen and the church as many critics affirm. True church men are workmen in the broad sense of the word.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Poetry and Invention.—The poet is not confined to the realm of the actual but is permitted to work in the realm of the ideal. The inventor would come nearest to the poet in relation to rank, for he, like the poet, creates, but what the inventor does in the realm of mechanics, the poet does in the realm of mind.—Rev. A. Lewis, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

To Break in New Shoes.
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease powder. It cures chubbiness, damp, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures Corns and Bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Blessings.—God promises us rich blessings if we accept His challenge. These blessings are not only spiritual but temporal. If we entrust our worldly possessions to God's care He will return them to us many times multiplied.—Rev. H. Hezlep, Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.

For bronchial troubles try Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Fully Explained.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—How long were you in your last place?

New Servant—Just a month, ma'am.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Indeed? What was the trouble?

New Servant—The trouble was that I got sick and couldn't have sooner.—Philadelphia Press.

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

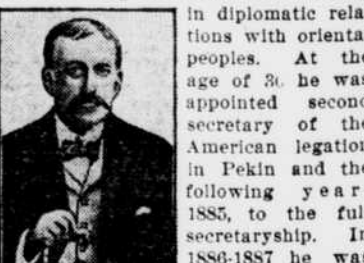
Jotted Fruit Cream.

Rub three ripe bananas and a quart of ripe strawberries through a fine sieve and sweeten to taste. Add three tablespoonfuls of dissolved gelatine and set away to harden. When it begins to set, throw in a few whole strawberries and several slices of banana and mold ready to serve. Serve with chilled whip cream.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

THE PUBLIC

William Woodville Rockhill, the successor to Minister Conger at Peking, has had long and extensive training in diplomatic relations with oriental peoples. At the age of 24 he was appointed second secretary of the American legation in Peking and the following year, 1885, to the full secretaryship. In 1886-1887 he was



W. W. ROCKHILL, charge d'affaire in Korea and during the next two years explored China, Mongolia and Tibet, visiting many remote regions of those countries. Returning to the United States, Mr. Rockhill became chief clerk of the State Department in Washington; then third, and in 1896-1897, First Assistant Secretary of State. In 1897 he was appointed United States minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia. From this post he resigned in May, 1899. In July, 1900, he went to Peking as special envoy and remained in China during the long-continued negotiations between the Chinese government and the powers, and was largely instrumental in securing the signing of the final protocol.

To have been an important part in the developing of a national reputation for a husband is an enviable accomplishment for any woman. To an unusual degree Mrs. William E. Cramer was of assistance in the building of the honorable reputation of the late editor of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin. For over forty years, during practically Mrs. W. E. Cramer's all of the time her husband was engaged in the formation of his career, Mrs. Cramer was his eyes and ears and his trusted and necessary assistant. She accompanied him on tours of Europe and of this country and rendered him invaluable assistance in the securing and preparation of the manuscript that made the blind and deaf editor a national character. Her devotion to her husband was beautiful, and at the last tinged freely with the pathetic. She remained at his bedside and ministered to his needs until his death. Among the remarkable experiences she had while traveling with Mr. Cramer was during the Franco-Prussian war, when the Cramers were locked up in Paris for several months during the siege.



Rev. Lee Anna Starr, a Methodist minister at Paris, Ill., recently came into public notice through her refusal to marry a couple until she was furnished evidence that neither of the contracting parties was a divorcee. Miss Starr has been in the gospel ministry ten years, and in that time she says she has officiated at many weddings. In but one instance has she deviated from her rule not to marry a person who has been absolved from a marriage contract by legal action. In that instance the ceremony had practically commenced before Miss Starr learned that the woman was divorced. She immediately caused the proceedings to be postponed until she learned that the divorce had been obtained on the ground of desertion, and that the wife had been unable to secure trace of the husband who had wronged her. Considering that this constituted scriptural grounds Miss Starr proceeded with the ceremony. She believes divorce to be a growing evil which can be combated by clergymen refusing to marry divorced persons.

W. D. Howells, after his long sojourn in Italy, will spend the summer at Kitty Point, Me.

Theodore P. Delyannis, prime minister of Greece, who was assassinated by a gambler, had a record of forty-six years spent in the public service, with few temporary interruptions. He was born in Kalavryta in 1826, and studied in Athens. In 1843 he entered the government service and was rapidly promoted to high positions. T. P. DELYANNIS He was the representative of Greece at the Berlin congress in 1878, and in 1885 became premier. Twice he suffered political eclipse on account of his foreign policy, but after a short retirement each time was re-elected.



C. H. Dallas of Leavenworth, Kan., has a Sharp's rifle sent to that State in 1855 by the abolition society of Boston, marked as Bibles.

Edward Doyle, the blind poet of New York, has just issued his third book. He is 50 years old, and has been sightless for thirty-seven years.

Boston Corbett, the man who is credited with having shot J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, is residing in Texas.

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Required: One and one-half pounds of finely chopped beef suet, half pound of fresh bread crumbs, half pound of glace cherries cut in halves, six ounces of flour, one pound stoned and finely chopped raisins, one pound clean and stalked nutmegs, one pound cleaned and stalked currants, one pound chopped peel, one pound sugar, six ounces chopped almonds, one pound finely chopped apples and one grated nutmeg, quarter pound corn flour, the strained juice and grated rind of four lemons, one ounce baking powder, ten beaten eggs mixed with one gill of milk and one gill of brandy. Mix together the dry ingredients. Beat up the eggs and mix them with the milk and brandy, and stir into the other ingredients thoroughly. Put into the molds or basins, which should be well greased, or into pudding cloths, which should be scalded and floured. Boil them from ten to twelve hours.

Rhubarb Pie.
Peel the rhubarb and cut quite fine. Cover the pie plate with good rich crust. Fill with the rhubarb, heaping it in the center. Add one cupful of sugar mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Some like to add a little grated nutmeg. Cover with an upper crust, cutting a slit in the center. Bake in a quick oven. If the juice threatens to overflow in spite of the flour used, roll a sheet of glazed note paper in a small tube and push it down through the center until it almost touches the lower crust. Do not remove until the pie has partly cooled.

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Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with medical advice wished, without charge.
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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The proposition of holding a convention for the purpose of electing a delegate to Congress from Alaska is being discussed by the press of the district. Whether such a move is expedient, is a question that needs candid consideration. The SENTINEL believes it voices the sentiments of this section when it says that it is useless twaddle to talk of electing one delegate to represent all of Alaska in congress. There should be one from southeastern and one from western Alaska, as the interests of the two sections are entirely foreign to each other, and no one mind is elastic enough to grasp the varied needs of both and do justice by them. Besides this, would delegates chosen by mass conventions, without previous sanction of governmental powers, be considered as clothed with any more power and authority than any individual to speak and act for the people? These are two of the main questions to be considered. And another point is the financial part of the proposition. Any man or men capable of representing this country before congress must be paid and paid well, and in order to meet this requirement it will be necessary to consider ways and means, as the general government will not be generous enough to do it for us. A delegate was chosen to congress a few years ago under conditions similar to those proposed now; but as no provision was made to pay even his expenses, the thing flattened out and came to nought. That Alaska needs representation before congress, we all are agreed; but we want representatives clothed with sufficient authority to entitle them to say "we are from Alaska; our people want wholesome laws," and their demands will be heeded. Rather than enact a farce, it were better that silence reign on the proposition of a convention and delegate in congress.

A gentleman was here last week looking over the grounds with a view to putting in a system of water works, and appeared very sanguine in the belief that a system such as would meet the requirements of the place for years is very feasible. That Wrangell is sadly in need of a water system, not only for domestic purposes but for fire protection, becomes more and more apparent each day. We have passed the era in the natural trend of affairs, when the water from smoke and dirt besmirched roofs, caught in barrels, is hardly satisfactory of healthy to be taken into the system. So far as genuine fire protection is concerned, we have none. But what are we to do about it? No resident of the town appears disposed to put his money into an enterprise of that kind, for which he is not to be blamed, as conducting a water system is a business, the same as any other. Under the charter for incorporated towns of Alaska, no town is permitted to incur an indebtedness for any amount, for any purpose, and hence it is out of the question for the town to put in a system. How then is Wrangell to get a system of good, pure water? The SENTINEL sees but one course to pursue, and that is, if outside capital comes here seeking investment in this line, it should be encouraged. Of course it would be necessary to grant a franchise, which appears a great bug-bear to many. Ordinarily the SENTINEL does not believe

in a town tying itself up with franchises; but it appears to us that in a case as important as this a franchise drawn upon fines broad enough to protect the interests of the town as well as those who invest their capital with us, would be of great benefit. This is the only way we see out of our present dilemma. If any one can suggest any other or better method, we should like to hear it.

The Record-Miner objects to a territorial form of government because, as it says, "Can we with our sparse population, stand the expense incident to a territorial form of government?" That is a good question to consider in public as well as in private affairs. But is it a fact that we could not stand the expense? How much surplus went into the federal treasury last year, after paying all the internal expenses? The SENTINEL has not the figures just at hand; but if it remembers correctly it was an amount sufficient to go far toward paying the expenses of running a territory, besides leaving a neat net balance. Being at the seat of government, will the Record-Miner please furnish a statement of receipts and expenses in the First Division, alone the last fiscal year, and see how far short that section would fall in paying the expenses of a territory. If it is proven that we were unable to support a territory, the subject might as well be dropped. Please furnish us the figures.

According to the Nome newspapers there is a condition of crime and debauchery among the whalers of the Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean that few probably believe could exist in this age. It is claimed that for years it has been the custom of the whalers in those waters to take on board young Indian girls from 6 or 7 to 20 years of age, and to keep them there, the chattels of the brutal men engaged in the traffic, for months at a time. They secure the girls by trading whiskey to their parents for them or by getting the entire population of a village drunk, and then kidnapping the girls. The Nome Gold Digger in a recent issue gave a list of whalers in the Arctic waters and the number of girls that are on each craft. It got its information from deserting members of the crews—sailors, hunters and others. All of the Nome papers are treating the matter editorially, and calling upon the government to put a stop to it. One of the papers flays the revenue marine service, to the officers of which it alleges this criminal custom is well known.

The Humboldt laid at our dock one night last week waiting for a tide that would enable her to pass over the rocks in the Wrangell Narrows. This meant at least 125 miles loss to the ship. If a channel had been cut through the sands of the Dry Straits, with the saving in the distance between the two routes, the Humboldt would have been at Juneau by the time she left the dock at this place. Of course we are glad to have boats remain with us; but when we consider that by their lying here it is impeding navigation all along the line, we must wish them to speed on their way. This they can do when the Dry Straits are improved.

Juneau's three papers are keeping up a three-cornered fight as to the honesty and moral standing of the respective publishers. It is not the SENTINEL's fight; but the probabilities are that other fellows won't worry Frame much, for the only time he got mixed up with the old court, was when brought up for contempt, only to be dropped as if he was mighty "hot stuff."

Wanted—A number of men with capital sufficient to prospect some of the best mining lands in Alaska near Wrangell, and to develop several claims already partially opened up. Men desirous of investing their money in mining are going thousands of miles, leaving behind them untold millions, which they will one day see and be sorry.

One of the main points in controversy in the adjustment of affairs between Japan and Russia, is Saghalien Island, a long, mountainous body of land, lying opposite the

mouth of the Amur river. As it is an important possession to the Japanese, they insist upon holding it. This the Russians object to, and hence the clash in reconciliation.

Forestry Regulations.

Following are some excerpts from the regulations and instructions in regard to the use of the national forest reserves, which took effect July 1, 1905:

The timber, water, pasture, mineral and other resources are for the use of the people. They may be obtained under reasonable conditions without delay and all legitimate improvements and business enterprises will be encouraged.

REG. 1. Persons having valid claims under the public land laws, or legal titles to land within forest reserves, are free to occupy and enjoy their holdings, must not interfere with the purposes for which the reserves are created, and must not cut timber or make use of forest reserve land or rights thereon except within the limits of their claims, and not to the extent of committing trespass.

MINING.

No land claims can be initiated in a forest reserve except mining claims, which may be sought for, located, developed and patented in accordance with law and forest reserve regulations.

LIEU SELECTION.

No right now exists to exchange private holdings within forest reserves for elsewhere, except where such right was established in the Interior Department before March 3, 1905, and except the indemnity-selection right with regard to school sections Nos. 16 and 36.

JURISDICTION.

The authority to grant special privileges and rights of way within forest reserves is divided as follows:

(a) Applications under any law of the United States providing for the granting of a permission to occupy or use lands, resources, or products in a forest reserve, which occupation or use is temporary in character, and which, if granted, will in no wise affect the fee or cloud the title of the United States, should the reserve be discontinued, are under the jurisdiction of the secretary of agriculture.

(b) All applications affecting lands within a forest reserve, the granting of which amounts to an easement running with the land, are within the jurisdiction of the secretary of the interior.

The following are the more usual rights and privileges under the first class (a), and must be applied for through the forest supervisors:

(1) Trails and roads to be used by settlers living in or near forest reserves;

(2) Schools and churches;

(3) Hotels, stores, mills, stage stations, apiaries, miners' camps, stables, summer residences, sanitariums, dairies, trappers' cabins, and the like;

(4) Grazing and restricted agricultural privileges, together with such inclosures, etc., as may be necessary for the use of such privileges and not harmful to the forest reserves;

(5) Canals, ditches, flumes, pipe lines, tunnels, dams, tanks and reservoirs, within forest reserves, when no easement in the land occupied is required;

(6) Steamboats and ferries operated within forest reserves;

(7) Aerial tramways and wire-rope conveyors, when no easement in the land occupied is required;

(8) Private railroads, tramroads, telephone, or electric power lines, and the plants or buildings necessary for their use, when no easement in the land occupied is required;

(9) Other similar privileges which do not amount to a disposal of the land.

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